





















*Writers and Their Work: No. 72*

# JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

*by*  
J. M. CAMERON

PUBLISHED FOR  
THE BRITISH COUNCIL  
and the NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE  
*by* LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

*Two shillings net*

'He is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other.' Mr. Cameron's essay on Newman ends with this quotation which, he feels, sums up Newman's achievement as a writer. This study, which includes carefully selected passages from the best of Newman's writing, is a convincing statement of the importance, not merely in the history of nineteenth-century letters and controversy, but for all students of English at its most subtle, of the author of *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. Appearing as it did over ninety years ago in answer to an attack by Charles Kingsley, Newman's masterpiece has long been recognized as one of the great spiritual autobiographies in the English language. 'We may be confident', says Mr. Cameron, 'that the *Apologia*, a perfect work of art, will be read so long as our literature survives.'

Mr. Cameron, who is Senior Lecturer in Philosophy at Leeds University, is the author of *Scrutiny of Marxism* (1948) and is at present engaged on a study of the philosophical aspects of the work of Cardinal Newman.

*Bibliographical Series*  
*of Supplements to 'British Book News'*  
*on Writers and Their Work*

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GENERAL EDITOR  
Bonamy Dobrée







## NEWMAN

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BY LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LONDON, NEW YORK, TORONTO



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55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.  
20 Cranfield Road, Toronto 16

ORIENT LONGMANS LTD.  
Calcutta Bombay Madras  
Delhi Vijayawada Dacca

*First published in 1956*

*Printed in Great Britain at The Curwen Press, Plaistow, E.13*



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Cornewall Lewis, Mill, have written great works for their own sake. So did Gibbon last century, but he was half a Frenchman. Our great writers have generally written on occasion—controversially as Burke, or Milton; officially, as Blackstone—for money as Dryden, Johnson, Scott, &c., or in Sybil's leaves as Addison and the Essayists.

He returned to the same theme many years later and, after reviewing the whole body of his work, he concluded that almost the only work written for its own sake and not in consequence of a specific 'call' was *A Grammar of Assent*. We may say that all his writing, not excluding the *Grammar*, was the fulfilment of his deeply felt and continuously lived vocation as an inquirer into and a teacher of the mysteries of faith.

# I

Newman began to approach his maturity as a writer when, a young Fellow of Oriel, he came under the influence of Keble and Hurrell Froude and became the principal contributor to those *Tracts for the Times* which were to turn the Church of England upside down or—as the writers of the *Tracts* themselves believed—right side up. The story of the Oxford Movement has often been told, and well told, notably by Dean Church, and no attempt will be made here to repeat the story. But something may be said about the situation with which the writers of the *Tracts* conceived themselves to be dealing. The movement for reform which in politics brought about the 1832 Reform Act found the unreformed Church of England as absurd and as hateful as the unreformed House of Commons. Very few doubted that the Church was as much a part of the civil constitution as the House of Commons. It was the creature of Parliament, its liturgy derived its status and its force from Parliament; and what Parliament had made, Parliament could unmake or shape anew. By any standards the state of the Church was unsatisfactory. The higher clergy were affluent noblemen

and country gentlemen, the lower clergy were often miserably poor; church offices were exploited for the benefit of particular families; the Church used its monopoly of higher education to frustrate the legitimate aspirations of Protestant nonconformists and Roman Catholics; above all, in Ireland an immensely wealthy Protestant Church was supported by a tiny minority of the population, and detested or looked upon with indifference by the vast majority. In the rage of reform the Church could hardly expect to escape administrative and financial changes.

Keble, Froude and Newman were not opposed to reform as such nor were they admirers of indolence, nepotism and moneygrubbing in the clergy. But they perceived that the reformers proceeded upon a theory of the Church, and that their view of the relations that ought to subsist between Church and State drew its strength from this theory. The theory, which seemed to the reformers—and perhaps to most Englishmen who gave any thought to the matter—mere common sense, was one which the writers of the *Tracts* thought false, and deadly to the nation's spiritual health. It was to the effect that the Church of England was a human society, the ordinances and constitution of which were matters of human contrivance; that the idea of the Church as the custodian of Divine mysteries and the dispenser of Divine Grace, an hierarchical society constituted by God to rule the wills and passions of men, was an absurd superstition discarded at the time of the Reformation; that it was within the power of the State, and might be its duty, to change the constitution of the Church, its credal formularies and its liturgy, if this was thought desirable by public opinion. Against this theory the writers of the *Tracts* urged their own view. This they derived very largely from the Anglican divines of the seventeenth century, and from such men as Bishop Butler and Doctor Johnson who had in the following century preserved the tradition of Andrewes and Laud. The tractarian theory was that the constitution of the Church was of Divine origin, that the bishops, priests and deacons of the

Church derived their status and their powers by unbroken descent from the apostles. The tractarians believed that the Church of England was not a creation of the sixteenth century but was the ancient Catholic Church pruned of incidental corruptions and freed from the usurped power of the Bishop of Rome, and they held that Christian antiquity—the Church of the first centuries—provided a criterion of orthodoxy, and that, whatever might be the historical vicissitudes of this or that portion of the Catholic Church, under Nero or Constantine, Charlemagne or Henry the Second—or under Grey and Melbourne—the Church alone (that is, ecclesiastical persons) had the right to define its beliefs and to order its jurisdiction.

Such, in crude terms, was the theory to the defence and exposition of which Newman devoted his controversial writings from 1833 to the appearance of *Tract 90* in 1841. He was at first deeply convinced of the truth of the theory, later he became ruefully aware of the logical and historical difficulties standing in its way, and in the end he found it incoherent and historically false.

The peculiar quality of Newman's early writings is not, however, to be found in his direct defence of a particular historico-theological thesis, a thesis which was in any case not his own discovery but that of Keble and Hurrell Froude. It is rather to be found in the gradual appearance of a new style, nervous, colloquial, direct, yet capable of rising to magnificence and of quickening the feelings, adapted to the expression of a wide variety of moods and sentiments, irony, scorn, wonder, humility and love; and in the use of the instrument of style to impress upon the reader a sensibility and an intellect of an order so remarkable that there was general agreement among contemporaries—even among those, such as Mark Pattison and James Anthony Froude, who soon fell out of sympathy with Newman's outlook—that they were the marks of genius. 'The great Newman', as Dr. Routh, the old President of Magdalen, always called him, had arrived; and was to dominate Oxford and to excite



the ecclesiastical passions of the country for more than ten feverish years.

The best account of the Newman of this period is perhaps that of James Anthony Froude in his essay on 'The Oxford Counter-Reformation'.

When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Caesar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers . . . I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a

career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate . . . He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own . . . But his own subject was of absorbing interest with him. Where Christianity is a real belief, where there are distinct convictions that a man's own self and the millions of human beings who are playing on the earth's surface are the objects of a supernatural dispensation, and are on the road to heaven or hell, the most powerful mind may well be startled at the aspect of things. If Christianity was true, since Christianity was true (for Newman at no time doubted the reality of the revelation), then modern England, modern Europe, with its march of intellect and its useful knowledge and its material progress, was advancing with a light heart into ominous conditions.

We may examine the work of these years in connection with his first work of substance, *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, and with what is perhaps the most subtle and pregnant of the *Tracts*, No. 85.

Two motives lie behind the essay on the Arians: a desire to depict the character of that primitive and undivided Catholic Church to which the classical tradition of Anglicanism made its appeal; and a desire to draw out the logic of the Catholic position exhibited in an age as troubled as was the nineteenth century by the evils of heresy and unbelief and by the excessive pretensions of temporal powers. As a work of literature it is by no means the most finished and beautiful of Newman's works; the style is occasionally heavy and shows the influence of Gibbon, though there are many passages which anticipate the easy and flashing quality of his mature work. But all his later preoccupations are there in germ. There is the concern with the relations between knowledge and belief, reason and faith, which is given a more penetrating treatment in the *University Sermons* and which he returns to late in life in *A Grammar of Assent*.

. . . there are truths foreign to the province of the most exercised intellect, some of them the peculiar discoveries of the improved

moral sense (or what Scripture terms '*the Spirit*'), and others still less on a level with our reason, and received on the sole authority of Revelation. Then, however, as now, the minds of speculative men were impatient of ignorance, and loth to confess that the laws of truth and falsehood, which their experience of this world furnished, could not at once be applied to measure and determine the facts of another.

There is, too, the recognition that dogmatic definitions, though necessary, are in a sense bitter necessities; for (he writes) 'freedom from symbols and articles is abstractedly the highest state of Christian communion' and ideally 'the mysteries of divine truth . . . are kept hidden in the bosom of the Church . . . and reserved by a private teaching'. Again, there is evidence of Newman's strong feeling for the way in which the contemplation of the mysteries of religion spontaneously overflows in the language of poetry.

When the mind is occupied by some vast and awful subject of contemplation, it is prompted to give utterance to its feelings in a figurative style; for ordinary words will not convey the admiration, nor literal words the reverence which possesses it; and when, dazzled at length with the great sight, it turns away for relief, it still catches in every new object which it encounters, glimpses of its former vision, and colours its whole range of thought with this one abiding association.

This is a just comment on much of Newman's own writing.

Above all, we encounter in *The Arians* that half-sceptical, half-ironical attitude to the material world, so confused and so uncertain compared with the great and luminous realities of God and the individual soul, which is the most persistent distinguishing mark of Newman's sensibility and, so to speak, spiritual style.

What are the phenomena of the external world, but a divine mode of conveying to the mind the realities of existence, individuality, and the influence of being on being, the best possible, though beguiling the imagination of most men with a harmless but unfounded belief in matter as distinct from the impressions of their senses?

Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and the Cambridge Platonists stand behind this passage; but this way of regarding the world was rooted in his childhood. As he tells us in the *Apologia*,

I used to wish the Arabian tales were true: my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an Angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.

This attitude to the sensible world was strengthened by reflection upon his experience of what was then called by 'evangelicals' a 'conversion', at the age of fifteen ('and of which', he tells us, 'I am still more certain than that I have hands and feet').

I believe that it [i.e. his conversion and the belief in the doctrine of election to eternal glory he then associated with it] had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned, viz. in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator . . .

In almost every major work of Newman this note is sounded. It even appears in *Tract 90* ('we do not know what time and space are'); we find it in the *University Sermons*.

It is indeed a great question whether atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world, taken by themselves, as the doctrine of a creative and governing Power. But, however this may be, the practical safeguard against atheism in the case of scientific inquirers is the inward need and desire, the inward experience, of that Power, existing in the mind antecedent and independent of their examination of His material world.

*Tract 85* consists of eight lectures 'on the Scripture Proof of the Doctrines of the Church'. It is aimed at what Newman conceives to be the naivety of those who place their entire confidence in the Bible as containing in an



explicit form all Christian truth. He has to tread the knife-edge of the Anglican position: that the Bible does contain in some form all Christian truth; and that some doctrines—the threefold ministry, the Godhead of the Holy Ghost, and so on—not plainly or unambiguously set forth in the Bible are nevertheless a necessary part of Christian truth. We need not here be concerned with the merits of this controversy or with the adequacy of Newman's argument. But two passages may be cited, one to illustrate the power of his now mature controversial style, the other to illustrate a certain boldness of temper, a willingness to explore without pity for himself or others the logic of a position, which were in the end, against all human inclination and affection, to take him out of the Church of England.

The first passage contains a reflection upon an *argumentum ad hominem* which he has just used. It points out the dangers of such an argument, yet does so in such a way as to give the argument greater force. (The argument is that those who demand explicit evidence in Scripture for, e.g., the Apostolic Succession, believe a great many other things for which there is as little explicit evidence; they ought either to believe more or to believe less, 'to go further one way or the other'.)

And yet a cautious mind will ever use [this argument] with anxiety; not that it is not most effective, but because it may be (as it were) too effective: it may drive the parties in question the wrong way, and make things worse instead of better. It only undertakes to show that they are *inconsistent* in their present opinions; and from this inconsistency it is plain they can escape, by going further either one way or the other—by adding to their creed, or by abandoning it altogether. It is then what is familiarly called a kill-or-cure remedy. Certainly it is better to be inconsistent than consistently wrong,—to hold some truth amid error, than to hold nothing but error,—to believe than to doubt. Yet when I show a man he is inconsistent, I make him decide whether of the two he loves better, the portion of the truth he already holds, or the portion of error. If he loves the truth better, he will abandon the error; if the error, he will abandon the truth . . . One feels that perchance it may be better to keep silence, and to allow him, in shallowness and presumption, to assail

oneself, than to retort, however justly, his weapons on himself; —better for oneself to seem a bigot, than to make him a scoffer.

The other passage needs little introduction, save to remark that it is difficult for the reader today to grasp how at the time of publication this would have seemed to many a dangerous and almost blasphemous view, so much was the Bible (and in the King James version) taken as a single self-explanatory book.

I observe, then, that Scripture is not one book; it is a great number of writings, of various persons, living at different times, put together into one, and assuming its existing form as if casually and by accident. It is as if you were to seize the papers or correspondence of leading men in any school of philosophy or science, which were never designed for publication, and bring them out in one volume. You would probably find in the collection so resulting many papers begun and not finished; some parts systematic and didactic, but the greater part made up of hints or of notices, which assumed first principles instead of asserting them, or of discussions upon particular points which happened to require their attention. I say the doctrines, the first principles, the rules, the objects of the school, would be taken for granted, alluded to, implied, not stated. You would have some trouble to get at them; you would have many repetitions, many hiatuses, many things which looked like contradictions; you would have to work your way through heterogeneous materials, and, after your best efforts, there would be much hopelessly obscure . . .

Such, I conceive, with limitations presently to be noticed, is the structure of the Bible.

Before we leave the Anglican Newman something must be said about him as a preacher. Great controversialist as he was, and the leader of an ecclesiastical party, he most profoundly influenced the men of his time as a preacher who raised his theme above the party concerns of the day. This Newman we encounter in part in the volumes of *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, though the presence and the voice are no longer accessible to us and live on only in the reminiscences of those who frequented St. Mary's in those days. Matthew

Arnold's sketch from *Discourses in America* is justly celebrated.

Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still saying, 'After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'

And there is James Anthony Froude's account of how in a sermon

Newman described closely some incidents of our Lord's passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St Mary's, he said, 'Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God'. It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all the time been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

## II

In 1843 Newman resigned the Vicarage of St. Mary's which he had occupied since 1828 and in effect gave up his clerical functions in the Church of England. The reasons for this step have been affectingly related by Newman himself in the *Apologia*. Briefly, it may be said that the reception of his work by the Church of England at large and the drift of his own never-ceasing reflections upon ecclesiastical history and the nature of the Church had together brought him to the belief that the Anglican theory which he had defended with such fire in the *Tracts* was a paper theory, discordant

with the evidence of Christian antiquity and never, in fact, a working theory. It was professed, though not with consistency, by many of the Caroline divines and by a handful of non-jurors and unrepresentative Anglicans in later periods; but it had never been the working theory of the Church of England. The reception by the bishops of the tractarian restatement of the theory, the reception, that is, by those who were, in terms of the theory itself, the authorized spokesmen of sound doctrine, showed it to be a mirage of the study and the university cloister. Newman was now on his deathbed as an Anglican. He did not at once conclude that he had a duty to join the Church of Rome, though he now confessed in a private letter that he thought it 'the Church of the Apostles'. He could still see elements of life and sanctity in the Church of England; and he wondered at times, faced with the serenity of Keble, the untroubled adherence to Anglicanism of so strong a mind and so fine a scholar as Pusey, and the wounded love of so many of his own spiritual children who felt no dissatisfaction with the Church of Laud and Andrewes, Ken and Butler, whether he might not be the victim of some dreadful delusion from which time would rescue him. He knew little of Catholics, English or foreign, and what little he knew he did not care for. He recognized that to submit to the Church of Rome was to go into social obscurity and to lose or to weaken those human affections he treasured. But in the end doubts and scruples were overcome, the ties that bound him to his Anglican friends and to Oxford were sacrificed, and on the evening of 8 October 1845 he made his confession to Father Dominic, an Italian Passionist, and was received into the Catholic Church the following day.

Newman's last months as an Anglican were devoted to the writing of *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. This has often been considered an anticipation of the evolutionary hypothesis, applied to the history of theology; and there is perhaps some resemblance between the role of the *Essay* in theology and that of *The Origin of*



*Species* in biology. In neither case was the theory of development or evolution so great a novelty as contemporaries supposed; but the times were such that the explanatory power of the theory met a need more deeply felt than in earlier periods. Both Anglican and Catholic were faced with the undoubted fact that the Church of the fourth century entertained beliefs that, so far as the extant evidence went, differed from the most primitive Christian beliefs; and it was a crux for Anglicans faced with the claims of Rome that there was much in the teaching and devotional practice of the mediaeval and post-Tridentine Church that seemed to differ greatly from what was believed and practised in earlier centuries. Newman has no difficulty in showing that all living ideas, systems and institutions necessarily change and grow—‘here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often’. The great question, then, between Rome and the rest of Christendom is whether the Roman developments are genuine developments of what is present in germ in the primitive deposit of faith, or whether, as the opponents of Rome must believe, they are additions, not legitimate developments, the products of syncretism or human fancy and not of the inner life of the Body of Christ. Newman’s argument is a complex and subtle one and cannot be summarized here. He proposes a number of criteria by which to distinguish between true and false developments; opinions as to the success of the argument as a whole have differed a good deal. But whatever may be the success or validity of the argument taken as a whole, there can be no doubt that the *Essay* is of capital importance for later theology. Its principles of interpretation were appealed to both by such Catholic modernists as Tyrrell and Loisy and by the orthodox apologists for the decrees of the Vatican Council of 1870. There are certain works in the history of theology of which we can say that after their appearance nothing was ever again quite the same. We can say this of Augustine’s *De civitate Dei*, of the *Summa Theologica* of Aquinas, of Calvin’s *Institutes*. The *Essay on Development* is

a work of this order, and the first work by an Englishman—at least, since the day of William of Ockham—to shake the theological schools of Europe. (Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* is certainly a powerful work but its interest is largely domestic.) The man whose genius has hitherto been given to the leadership of a counter-revolution in a national church, and that in a country which, whatever its eminence in the natural sciences, in imaginative literature and in industry, had, in comparison with such countries as France and Germany, been considered deficient in ideas, is now become a power in Europe and the world.

The following passage from the *Essay* expresses the vision of the Church which gives urgency and emotional force to the dialectical structure of the work.

Did St Athanasius or St Ambrose come suddenly to life, it cannot be doubted what communion they would mistake for their own. All surely will agree that these Fathers, with whatever differences of opinion, whatever protests, if we will, would find themselves more at home with such men as St Bernard or St Ignatius Loyola, or with the lonely priest in his lodging, or the holy sisterhood of mercy, or the unlettered crowd before the altar, than with the rulers or the members of any other religious community. And may we not add, that were the two Saints, who once sojourned, in exile or on embassy, at Treves, to come more northward still, and to travel until they reached another fair city, seated among groves, green meadows, and calm streams, the holy brothers would turn from many a high aisle and solemn cloister which they found there, and ask the way to some small chapel where mass was said in the populous alley or forlorn suburb? And, on the other hand, can any one who has but heard his name, and cursorily read his history, doubt for one instant how, in turn, the people of England, 'we, our princes, our priests, and our prophets', Lords and Commons, Universities, Ecclesiastical Courts, marts of commerce, great towns, country parishes, would deal with Athanasius,—Athanasius, who spent his long years in fighting against kings for a theological term?

It is this vision of Catholicism as a real religion, an institution and a system continuous with the past and yet with a

life and a fertility challenging the present and reaching forward into the future—‘the portentous, the awful, vitality of Rome’, as he put it to Henry Wilberforce—and all this compared with what he took to be the emptiness and dryness of the Established Church, cut off from the sources of life by the revolution of the sixteenth century, which in the end captured the heart and intellect of Newman.

Under one aspect, much of Newman’s life after his conversion to Rome seems a waste of his unique talents, a story of frustration and disappointment. The three great projects to which he was called by his ecclesiastical superiors—the foundation of the Catholic University in Dublin, the new translation of the Bible, the establishment of a branch of the Oratory in Oxford—were all abortive. He was treated with the greatest kindness and sympathy by most of the old English Catholics; but some of the Anglican converts to Rome, and these the most influential, looked upon him coldly and suspiciously. Through the odious Monsignor Talbot (immortalized only by his malevolence towards Newman and by his remark: ‘What is the province of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain’) he was represented in Rome as a person of doubtful orthodoxy, lukewarm in his devotion to the Holy See. All this was in part the jealousy with which lesser men sometimes regard the great, in part a genuine fear that the boldness and originality of Newman’s thought perpetually led him to the edge of heresy. The latter seems to have been the view of W. G. Ward, who was always honourable and straightforward in his opposition and loved Newman as a man. It has to be remembered that the years after 1848 were years of reaction in the Church, that very often the badges of orthodoxy were taken to be attachment to the temporal rule of Pius Nono in the States of the Church and admiration for the more than ultramontane sentiments of such frenzied journalists as Louis Veuillot, who in the *Univers* printed a version of the ancient hymn *Rerum Deus tenax vigor* with *Pius* substituted for *Deus*. Only at the very end of Newman’s life was the cloud lifted from him,



and lifted for ever, when with a change of pontificate he was made a Cardinal. To many observers this must have seemed another instance in which they could

hear the world applaud the hollow ghost  
Which blamed the living man.

To take the years after 1845 as truly years of failure and tragic waste would, however, be to make a curiously superficial judgement. It is true that if we were to build upon Froude's hint and see in Newman a man with the vocation of a Caesar, one who could only fulfil his destiny through the leadership of a great movement, then the conversion to Rome seems to mean the loss of his vocation. Manning came to reign from Westminster, while Newman rested in the shadows. But even in the period of the *Tracts for the Times* his leadership proceeded from the attractiveness of his personality and the boldness of his mind rather than from his capacity as the organizer of a campaign. This attractiveness, this boldness, were not quenched after his conversion; he was looked upon, even in the years of silence, as the intellectual leader of English Catholicism—the denigration of him and the calumnies put about by some of his fellow-Catholics are tributes to this fact; and from the appearance of the *Apologia* in 1864 there is no longer the least doubt about his position.

There is no dramatic change of thought or style in the writings after 1845. There is a certain lightening of tone, a shedding of inhibitions, now that he is at last freed from the perplexities of the Anglican position. The notion of Rome as Antichrist had survived in him, long after he was intellectually free of it, as 'a stain on the imagination', and his heart was the lighter and his affection for the devotional practices of his new communion expanded the more easily now that the stain was gone. There had been, even in the tractarian Newman, a vestigial Calvinism which had at times seemed to involve him in the assertion of a necessary opposition between Nature and Grace. This comes out strongly in some



of the *Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day*, notably that on 'Faith and the World'. It is true, he was at that time desperately anxious that the new 'apostolic' doctrines should not decay into formalism or into a mere fashion.

What indeed but evil can come of living like the world, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, faring sumptuously, dressing in purple and fine linen, and increasing in goods, and yet affecting to be the children of Apostles, and using the devotion of Saints?

There is a note of strain here which vanishes from the writings and sermons after 1845. In the *Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations*, the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, and the *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, the style becomes fuller, more rhetorical, even florid; irony—savage at times—is less restrained, there is more pleasure in the free use of all the resources of language. R. H. Hutton thus describes the impression conveyed by the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*.

I shall never forget the impression which his voice and manner, which opened upon me for the first time in these lectures, made on me. Never did a voice seem better adapted to persuade without irritating. Singularly sweet, perfectly free from any dictatorial note, and yet rich in all the cadences proper to the expression of pathos, of wonder, and of ridicule, there was still nothing in it that anyone could properly describe as insinuating, for its simplicity, and frankness, and freedom from the half-smothered notes which express indirect purpose, was as remarkable as its sweetness, its freshness, and its gentle distinctness. As he described the growth of his disillusionment with the Church of England, and compared it to the transformation that takes place in fairy tales when the magic castle vanishes, the spell is broken, 'and nothing is seen but the wild heath, the barren rock, and the forlorn sheep-walk', no one could have doubted that he was describing with perfect truth the change that had taken place in his own mind.

There is a wonderfully boisterous passage in the *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics* in which he uses without

restraint his faculty for portraying the ridiculous. He is speaking of the agitation which greeted the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in 1850.

Heresy, and scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism may challenge [the Church of England] in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intensesness, and thickening emotion, and deafening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamouring, and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about 'the Popish aggression', 'insolent and insidious', 'insidious and insolent', 'insolent and atrocious', 'atrocious and insolent', 'atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful', 'ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious', 'foul and offensive', 'pestilent and horrid', 'subtle and unholy', 'audacious and revolting', 'contemptible and shameless', 'malignant', 'frightful', 'mad', 'meretricious', bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs royal, and triple bob-majors and grandsires—to the extent of their compass, and the full ring of their metal, in honour of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Pope and the princes of the Church.

### III

In July 1851 Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, invited Newman to be the first Rector of a Catholic University to be established in Dublin. This was the beginning of years of seemingly unfruitful toil for Newman; but they are also the years in which he produced his writings on university education. If it can be said without excessive exaggeration that European philosophy is a series of footnotes to Plato, it

may be said with no greater exaggeration—and perhaps not so much—that modern thinking on university education is a series of footnotes to Newman's lectures and essays.

In the course of lectures Newman delivered in Dublin in 1852 he had two principal aims in mind. He wished in the first place to maintain, against the secularist and utilitarian temper which overcame the English universities after the collapse of the tractarian movement,<sup>1</sup> that theology is a genuine study and, on account of the sublimity of its subject-matter, the queen of the sciences; that liberal education—the pursuit of knowledge as end in itself, needing no justification in terms of utilitarian advantage—is the main business of the university. He wished, in the second place, to maintain, against those Irish Catholics who saw the Catholic University as no more than a seminary for the laity, the freedom and comprehensiveness necessary to the successful pursuit of liberal education. This was 'occasional' work indeed: but the *Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education* are a most precious revaluation of that long tradition of higher education which goes back to the monastic and cathedral schools of the Middle Ages and, behind them, to the Academy, the Lyceum and the Stoa.

Only one who had himself been moulded by the living tradition of the university could have composed the *Discourses*. The University of Oxford, and Trinity College, were of all human institutions the dearest to the heart of Newman. He was not an uncritical lover. It is not fanciful to see in the *Discourses* and in his other writings on the same theme one of the sources of the reforms that in the end overcame the old regime in the two ancient universities. The following passage on the collegiate system, drawn from an essay on 'Oxford' collected in *The Office and Work of Universities* (1856), illustrates Newman's critical affection.

<sup>1</sup> Mark Pattison wrote that after Newman's secession 'Oxford repudiated at once sacerdotal principles and Kantian logic [and] for more than a quarter of this century Mill and nominalist views reigned in the schools'.

There is no political power in England like a College in the Universities; it is not a mere local body, as a corporation or London company; it has allies in every part of the country. When the mind is most impressible, when the affections are warmest, when associations are made for life, when the character is most ingenuous and the sentiment of reverence is most powerful, the future landowner, or statesman, or lawyer, or clergyman comes up to a College in the Universities. There he forms friendships, there he spends his happiest days; and, whatever is his career there, brilliant or obscure, virtuous or vicious, in after years, when he looks back on the past, he finds himself bound by ties of gratitude and regret to the memories of his College life. He has received favours from the Fellows, he has dined with the Warden or Provost; he has unconsciously imbibed to the full the beauty and the music of the *locale*. The routine of duties and observances, the preachings and the examinations and the lectures, the dresses and the ceremonies, the officials whom he feared, the buildings or gardens that he admired, rest upon his mind and his heart, and their shade becomes a sort of shrine to which he makes continual silent offerings of attachment and devotion. It is a second home, not so tender, but more noble and majestic and authoritative.

He goes on to argue that the colleges are too powerful and that the balance of power ought to be changed in favour of the University; but we cannot doubt that when he speaks of one who 'makes continual silent offerings of attachment and devotion' it is of himself that he speaks; and the 'shrine' is Trinity. It is pleasant to recall that when he was an old man Trinity made a reconciling gesture and elected him into an honorary Fellowship.

For the full sweep of Newman's argument the reader must be referred to the *Discourses* themselves. Here we must be content to note a few of their characteristic excellences and to show how strangely relevant much of what was said a century ago is to our own condition.

In the Preface to the *Discourses* there is a superb picture of the intellectual man as fashion conceived—perhaps still conceives—him. He is

one who is full of 'views' on all subjects of philosophy, on all matters of the day. It is almost thought a disgrace not to have a view



at a moment's notice on any question from the Personal Advent to the Cholera or Mesmerism. This is owing in great measure to the necessities of periodical literature, now so much in request. Every quarter of a year, every month, every day, there must be a supply, for the gratification of the public, of new and luminous theories on the subjects of religion, foreign politics, home politics, civil economy, finance, trade, agriculture, emigration, and the colonies.

Newman finds it necessary to insist upon this point, lest his contention that 'a University . . . professes to teach universal knowledge' should be misconstrued as a plea for that kind of education which imparts a smattering of everything but treats nothing in depth.

In the early discourses he argues that theology is a genuine science, and that to exclude it from the university curriculum is impossible for Catholics, however this may be for those Protestants who treat religion as being primarily a matter of feeling; and he shows that theology has a bearing upon the other sciences, as these have upon theology; and it is within the university that the connections between the sciences can most usefully be explored. Then follow the discourses upon liberal knowledge. These are aimed not only at the utilitarian temper of the period, but also at those Catholics who wished to shackle the free pursuit of knowledge in the interest (as they conceived it) of orthodoxy. Newman summons them to return to the great classical and Christian tradition of higher education, to shed a narrowness which springs from an imperfect knowledge of their own inheritance and from a pusillanimity which rests upon a failure to grasp—or effectively to believe—that truth is one, and that conflicts between the conclusions of the various sciences are temporary and will in the end be overcome. Utilitarians and nervous Catholics both fail to appreciate the claims of knowledge to be its own end. 'Such is the constitution of the human mind, that any kind of knowledge, if it be really such, is its own reward.'

When I speak of Knowledge, I mean something intellectual, something which grasps what it perceives through the senses; something

which takes a view of things; which sees more than the senses convey; which reasons upon what it sees, and while it sees; which invests it with an idea. It expresses itself, not in mere enunciation, but by an enthymeme: it is of the nature of science from the first, and in this consists its dignity. The principle of real dignity in Knowledge, its worth, its desirableness, considered irrespectively of its results, is this germ within it of a scientific or a philosophical process. This is how it comes to be an end in itself; this is why it admits of being called Liberal. Not to know the relative dispositions of things is the state of slaves or children; to have mapped out the Universe is the boast of Philosophy.

It is, however, a piece of confusion to expect of a liberal education what in the nature of things cannot be derived from it. 'Its object is nothing more or less than intellectual excellence', the perfecting of what man has by nature; but human nature is directed to other ends which, though they do not conflict with the pursuit of intellectual excellence, quite surpass it.

Liberal Education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman. It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind; a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life;—these are the con-natural qualities of a large knowledge; they are the objects of a University . . . Taken by themselves, they do but seem to be what they are not; they look like virtue at a distance, but they are detected by close observers, and on the long run; and hence it is that they are popularly accused of pretence and hypocrisy, not, I repeat, from their own fault, but because their professors and their admirers persist in taking them for what they are not, and are officious in arrogating for them a praise to which they have no claim. Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against these giants, the passion and the pride of man.

In his final discourse Newman meets the criticism of those who argue that a liberal education which includes in its curriculum a wide study of secular literature must of its very nature corrupt the innocent; with the corollary that the

only remedy is to bowdlerize what can thus be rendered innocuous and to proscribe the rest. He argues that this is to mistake a university for a convent or a seminary, whereas 'it is a place to fit men of the world for the world'.

... cut out from your class books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and those manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture room in living and breathing substance. They will meet him there in all the charm of novelty and all the fascination of genius or of amiableness. Today a pupil, tomorrow a member of the great world: today confined to the *Lives of the Saints*, tomorrow thrown upon Babel;—thrown on Babel, without the honest indulgence of wit and humour and imagination ever permitted to him, without any fastidiousness of taste wrought into him, without any rule given him for discriminating 'the precious from the vile', beauty from sin, the truth from the sophistry of nature, what is innocent from what is poison. You have refused him the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him because of their incidental corruption: you have shut up from him those whose thoughts strike home to our hearts, whose words are proverbs, whose names are indigenous to all the world, the standard of their mother tongue, and the pride and boast of their countrymen, Homer, Ariosto, Cervantes, Shakespeare, because the old Adam smelt rank in them; and for what have you reserved him? You have given him 'a liberty unto' the multitudinous blasphemy of his day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping, stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this—in making the world his University.

It may be useful here to note Newman's acquaintance with and attachment to the secular literature of the ancient and the modern world—a point which may easily be missed in a study which is of necessity concerned with the central themes of his work. Dryden and Johnson, Southey and Crabbe, Scott and Thackeray, were much loved writers. The influence of Gibbon is plain enough in the writings on Christian antiquity. In philosophy the greatest influences are

perhaps Locke and Butler, though his close study of Hume and his debt to him in the writings on miracles have provided a faint excuse for those who have argued that Newman's temperament was that of a sceptic. What the pagan writers of antiquity meant to him may best be shown by a quotation from the *Grammar of Assent*.

Let us consider . . . how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classical author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day . . . is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the medieval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time.

#### IV

In 1864 Newman seemed to be in eclipse; he himself felt his life was virtually over and that the enterprises to which he had been summoned by authority had all of them failed, though not through his own fault. He wrote in his private journal that he was treated as 'some wild incomprehensible beast, a spectacle for Dr Wiseman to exhibit to strangers, as being himself the hunter who captured it'. Then, suddenly, he was the centre of public controversy, his name was on all lips, what he wrote was devoured; and by the end of the



year his reputation as a man and a writer was secure, and he was given a place in the affections of the English which he was never to lose.

The occasion of all this was a gratuitous and anonymous attack upon him by Charles Kingsley in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January 1864. Kingsley wrote:

Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be;—that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is, at least, historically so.

Kingsley was a man of large and, on the whole, generous mind; but he was insensitive to the distinction between one idea and another, and he thought difficult and many-sided problems could be blown aside by the blunderbuss of English common sense. It is hard to be sure that he ever perceived the enormity of what he had written or grasped the nature of the issues which were to arise between himself and Newman. Newman, of course, wrote to the editor of *Macmillan's* drawing his attention to 'a grave and gratuitous slander'. Kingsley replied at once, admitting his authorship and quoting in support of what he had written a sermon on 'Wisdom and Innocence' preached when Newman was an Anglican. Newman pointed out that in 1843, the year of the sermon, he was not a Catholic priest, but that in any case no such view as that attributed to him by Kingsley was to be found in the sermon. After further exchanges Kingsley produced an apology in these terms:

Dr Newman has by letter expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning I have put on his words [in the sermon 'Wisdom and Innocence']. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.

Newman was not disposed to let him off with this and published the whole correspondence, with his reflections upon

it. These contain a passage which should have convinced Kingsley that it would be wise to keep silence.

Mr Kingsley begins then by exclaiming,—‘O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There’s Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.’

I interpose: ‘You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.’

Mr Kingsley replies: ‘You said it, Reverend Sir, in a Sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St Mary’s, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that Sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.’

I make answer: ‘Oh . . . *Not*, it seems, as a Priest speaking of Priests;—but let us have the passage.’

Mr Kingsley relaxes: ‘Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.’

I rejoin: ‘*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic.’

Mr Kingsley replies: ‘I waive that point.’

I object: ‘Is it possible! What? Waive the main question! I either said it or I didn’t. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can’t.’

‘Well,’ says Mr Kingsley, ‘if you are quite sure you did not say it, I’ll take your word for it; I really will.’

My *word*! I am dumb. Somehow I thought it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

But Mr Kingsley re-assures me: ‘We are both gentlemen,’ he says: ‘I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.’

I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr Kingsley who did not mean what he said.

But Kingsley was intent upon his own destruction. At this point the public was by no means clearly on Newman’s side;

some thought Newman had replied to what appeared to be a reasonable apology with intemperate sarcasm; and Kingsley's was, after all, the popular view. The balance of opinion began to change when Kingsley published a pamphlet entitled 'What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?' in which, without formally withdrawing his acknowledgement that the accusation against Newman himself was false, he accused Newman and his fellow-Catholics of being, if not rogues and liars, then credulous fools, committed to the support of loose views on the duty of truth-telling. It was changed still further by the judicious commentary on the exchanges between Newman and Kingsley by R. H. Hutton in *The Spectator*. But what completely won over public opinion was Newman's own action. He perceived that here was a great and unlooked for opportunity to justify himself, not only against Kingsley's absurd accusations, but in the eyes of all those who had suspected his honesty since his first appearances in public life. He saw that only the story of his life, written from the heart and giving a full account of the changes in his religious opinions, could hope to make his reputation secure. 'I will vanquish', he wrote, 'not my accuser, but my judges.'

Such was the genesis of the *Apologia pro vita sua*. It is a singularly beautiful and moving work, exhibiting the power and charm of the author's personality, transcending altogether the occasion of its production. It is as indispensable to the understanding of one aspect of the nineteenth century as the *Autobiography* of John Stuart Mill is to the understanding of another; but whereas we can conceive that a time may come when Mill's work—apart from a few precious pages—will be of interest only to the historian of ideas, we may be confident that the *Apologia*, a perfect work of art, will be read so long as our literature survives.

Newman's position was secure after the publication of the *Apologia*. He had still much to endure from a faction—'insolent and aggressive', as he himself described it—in the Church. He was confident that in the end his work would

be vindicated, but he could scarcely have expected that this would happen in his lifetime, and that he would die in the sacred purple of the Cardinalate. His literary work in the years after the *Apologia* consisted partly of such controversial writings as the *Letter to Pusey* and the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, partly of original work. *A Grammar of Assent*, in which he develops his earlier teaching on the relation between knowledge and belief in a systematic way, is by far the most important new work. But in the main he gave himself to the manifold activities of the Birmingham Oratory, to a vast correspondence, and to the revision and republication of his many writings.

## V

No study of Newman, however brief, can end without giving some account of his verse. His place as a poet is not a high one; but he had a genuine minor talent. Many of his verses are interesting in the context of his life and of the history of religious sentiment in the nineteenth century; a few of them have some merit as poems in their own right.

Most of his early verses were written during the momentous journey he made in France and Italy in 1832, first with Hurrell Froude and his father, later alone. It was a time of intense excitement for Newman and his friend. They had 'fierce thoughts against the Liberals', then planning reform of the Church of England. Newman had a strong sense that a great work waited for him in England. He was newly under the influence of the view of the Church imparted to him by Keble and Froude. All this overflowed in verse; indeed, the first poem of the series—'Are these the tracks of some unearthly friend?'—was written 'at Whitchurch, while waiting for the down mail to Falmouth'. The poems began to appear in the *British Magazine*, together with poems by Froude, Keble, Isaac Williams and others, and were later collected into the *Lyra Apostolica* which, with Keble's



*Christian Year*, gave the tractarian movement its distinctive devotional style. Keble's verses are thin and sweet, faint echoes of the great period of Anglican religious verse in the seventeenth century: Newman's are almost disagreeably arresting. They breathe the determination of a reformer of the Church; but their fierceness towards the internal and external enemies of the Church is tempered by anguish for sin and an intermittent sense of spiritual desolation. This is well marked in the best known of all his verses, 'Lead, kindly Light', but it is given a striking expression in verses less familiar. 'Heavenly Leadings' is a fine example.

Did we but see,  
 When life first opened, how our journey lay  
 Between its earliest and its closing day;  
 Or view ourselves as we one time shall be  
 Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break  
 The youthful spirit, though bold for JESUS' sake.

But Thou, dear LORD!  
 Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to come,  
 Isaac's pure blessedness, and a verdant home,  
 Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;  
 Wiling me year by year, till I am found  
 A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.

This, compared with much else of Newman's in the *Lyra Apostolica*, flows smoothly and is free from harshness. But Samuel Wilberforce's contemporary verdict is probably just.

He is a writer of whom it would probably be true as it is of Jeremy Taylor, that his prose writings would be much fuller of poetry than those in which he is fettered, and the true movement, therefore, of his thoughts impeded, by the arbitrary restraints of verse.

Newman's most interesting and, on the whole, most effective poem is *The Dream of Gerontius*, published in 1865 after the success of the *Apologia* had given him the ear of the public. In the midst of writing the *Apologia*, with a mind greatly overwrought, he had an apprehension of impending

death; and this seems to have quickened his imagination, so that he swiftly wrote the poem, with its curiously compelling picture of death, judgement and purgatory.

The poem opens with Gerontius on his death-bed. He feels that he may

drop from out the universal frame  
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,  
That utter nothingness, of which I came.

Strengthened by the sacraments and by the prayers of his friends, he makes his profession of faith and, despite the attacks of the demons, passes into the next life and to judgement in a state of grace. In his new condition, that of a disembodied soul, he scarcely knows what or where he is and engages in discussion with his Guardian Angel. The Angel tells him that he is being swiftly carried into the presence of the Judge. As they draw near to the place of judgement the demons can be heard howling. The Angel explains:

It is the restless panting of their being;  
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,  
In a deep hideous purring have their life,  
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

The howlings of the demons die away, and the soul comes closer to the Divine Presence, the choruses of angels grow ever louder, until, strengthened by the Angel of the Agony who strengthened Christ in Gethsemane, he stands before the Judge. What happens then is described by his Guardian Angel.

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,  
And, with the intemperate energy of love,  
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;  
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,  
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes  
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,  
And scorch'd, and shrivell'd it; and now it lies  
Passive and still before the awful throne.

The soul of Gerontius departs for Purgatory, as it were at his own request. He cries:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,  
Told out for me.  
There, motionless and happy in my pain,  
Lone, not forlorn,—  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain  
Until the morn.

There is sincerity in *The Dream*, and strong feeling, and a certain technical accomplishment; but even in this, his most successful venture in poetry, we are scarcely confronted with 'the great Newman'. It is as a writer of prose that (in his own words—though not, of course, used by him in connection with himself) 'he is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other'.





# JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

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